

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

NO. 23.

Very Sensible

Like the gnarled oak, that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet dry and

[illegible]

Selling a Dog.
Dick Lazybones was the owner of a large dog, which it cost as much to keep as two pigs would have done ; and the dog, besides, was useless ; nay, he was

“Plague take the dog!” said she to Mr. Loxbones, I do wish you would tell him, or kill him, or do something else to get rid of him. He is a plague to the house, and he is a plague to the family. He is a plague to the house-room, and greatly annoyed Dick’s wife.

"Well, well, my dear," said Dick, "I have no more about it. I'll get rid of them one of these days."

This was intended as a mere got-off on the part of Dick; but as his wife kept daily dinning in his ears about the subject, he was at length compelled to take some order on the subject.

"Well, wife," said he, one day, as she came in, "I've sold Fowler."

"Have you, indeed?" said she brightly up at the good news. "I never knew of it. How much did you sell him for?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars! What! fifty dollars for that dog? How glad I am! That will buy us a good cow! But where's the money, my love?"

"Money!" said Dick, shifting his glance lazily to the other corner of the room. "I didn't get any money."

About So.—A bachelor says: "A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul on the upper leathor of your affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others see nothing to admire; and when fondness is once fastened on a follow it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair."

The Reciprocated Affection.—A dandy with more beauty than brains, married an heiress, who, although very accomplished, was by no means handsome.—One day he said to her:

"My dear, as ugly as you are, I love you as well as though you were pretty."

"Thank you, love," was the reply.

"I can return the compliment, for *you* are as you are. I love you as well as though you had wit!"

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A country editor announces, in the following terms, that he has suspended specie payments: "If any man

3 **W**hite to see suits, and appreciate the uses to which brickbats may be put, let him approach our vicinity, with an account.

P. S.—We keep a pile of bricks in our sanctum, and carry one in our hat.

3 **A**n exchange tells the story of a preacher who observed that it is a striking proof of the wisdom and benevolence of Providence, that death was placed at the end of life—thus giving time to make all the necessary preparation for the great event.

3 **N**ever dispute about trifles, even

though you are certain of being in the right. The truth will come to light sooner or later, and then your opponent will not only respect your wisdom, but also your meekness.

☞ The New Yorkers are talking of erecting an Observatory in the Park, at that city, which is to surpass anything of the kind in the world. It is to have a telescope larger than Lord Rosse's.

☞ A man in Cincinnati, the other day, carried a dumb woman weighing three hundred and six pounds. He carried her on his back to Kansas.

par. It is said that a Yankee baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only eight ounces.

par. The Wages of Sin is death; we hope it will strike for higher wages immediately.

The excitement here became very high, crowds accumulating, when Mr. Sickle's joined arms with Mr. Butterworth, and they proceeded to the residence of Judge Black, the Attorney General of the United States. He was there arrested by Capt. Goddard, and conveyed to prison. The verdict is that "The said Philip Barton Key came to his death from the effects of a pistol ball fired by the hand of Daniel E. Sickles." It so follows a description of the wounds, and closes with the words "Causing death in a few moments."

youth, had always treated her with extreme kindness and tenderness, and doubtless looked upon her relations with Mr. Key as the mere expression of a selfish love of admiration, and of a vanity delighting in the sense of power over a man of fine presence, graceful address, and a certain local renown in the District for high spirit, resolution and gallantry.

But on the re-assembling of Congress, and the return of Mrs. Sickles to Washington, Mr. Key's attentions, and the singular consequent upon them, were revived with greater ardor than before. Mr. Key was a particularly noticeable man in point of personal appearance; tall, well-formed, a much more athletic man than Mr. Sickles, and especially fond of exercise on horseback. He rode an iron-gray horse; and scarcely a day has passed since the return of Mrs. Sickles to the capital, on which his tall figure, his gray

sunlight poured in at the open windows, and Mrs. Sickles herself, a fairer and girlish beauty wearing a dress of white muslin, the frillings of the bodice making the very incarnation of youth and youth. What is the twilight of the house that there was the spirit of hospitality, the most frank and generous and easy.

